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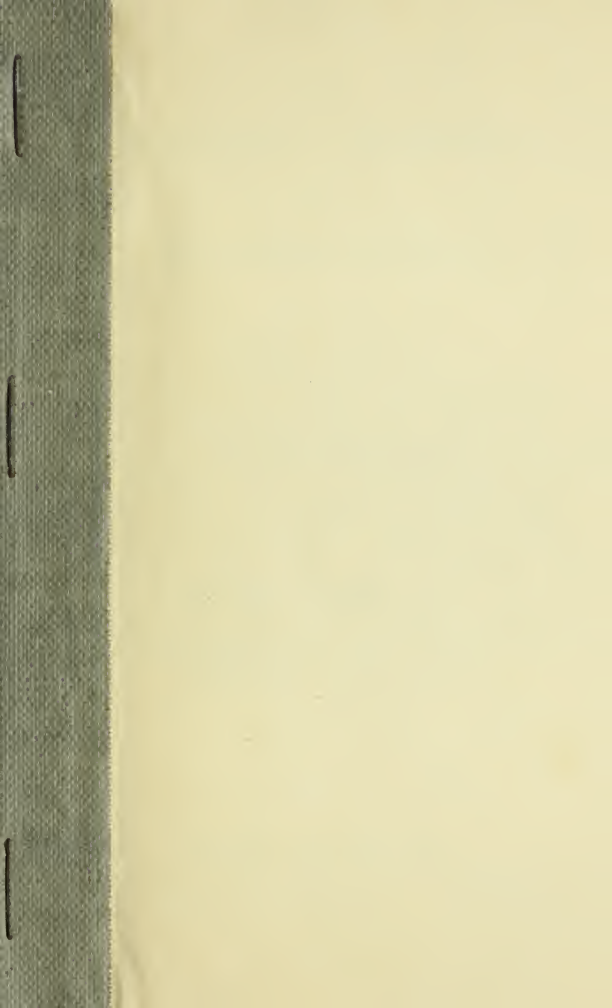
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THE  
INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

A MELO DRAMA,

IN

Two Acts. *R. B. BUTLAND*  
MUSIC and FLAYS

*37 KING ST. W.*

BY

*TORONTO, ONT.*

GEORGE SOANE, A.B.

*Author of Luke Somerton, Lilian the Show Girl, Chelsea Pensioners, Jack's Alive, &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. [ORIGINAL CAST.]

Langley, a Magistrate		Mr. Minton
Monkton, a Country Gentleman		Mr. Kent
Frankland, an Innkeeper		Mr. Gattie
Harrop, Captain of a Gang of Smugglers		Mr. G. Smith
Philip, his Son		Mr. Johnson
Richard, a young Fisherman, in love with Mary		Mr. Wallace
Tricksey, a Custom House Officer		Mr. Hughes
Hans Ketzler, a German in the Custom House		Mr. T. P. C.
Wentworth	Country Gentlemen.	Mr. Covenden
White		Mr. Willis
Smith		Mr. Vaughan
Alsop		Mr. Edwards
William, a Smuggler, Mate of Harrop's Vessel		Mr. Barnard
Edward Harrop, Harrop's second Son		Master Seyn
Mary, Daughter to Frankland		Miss Kelly
Marian, Harrop's Wife		Mrs. Harlow
Smugglers, Peasants, Travellers, Constables, &c.		

First produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,  
Time in Representation—1 hour, 30 minutes.

## COSTUME.

Langley and Monkton—One light, the other a dark shape, pantalons, russet boots, hat and feathers. The dresses rather superior to the other Country Gentlemen.

Frankland—Buff doublet and trunks, red hose, russet shoes.

Harrop—Heavy blue seaman's jacket, Guernsey shirt, petticoat trousers, large fishermen's boots.

Richard—Fisherman's blue jacket, striped shirt, petticoat trousers, light blue stockings, neat fisherman's boots, neat hat.

Tricksey—Dark doublet and trunks, puffed with red, red stockings, black shoes, small hat with one feather.

Hans Ketzler—Dutchman's dress trimmed, trunks very full, black boots up to the knees, fur cap.

Wentworth, White, Smith and Alsop—Various coloured tunics and pantaloons, russet boots, &c.

William—Smuggler's dress.

Edward—Blue jacket, striped shirt, petticoat trousers, black shoes, blue stockings.

Mary—Fancy skirt and bodice, small red cloak, gypsy hat, light blue stockings, shoes with neat buckles.

Marian—Heavy brown dress.

## THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast. On R. H. are several Smugglers' huts. Before one of them is the decayed trunk of a very large oak. Not far from land is a projecting rock, extending several yards into the sea, before which is a Smuggler's vessel in flames. During the opening dialogue the Smugglers descend from the burning ship into a boat, and make towards the shore. At a considerable distance is the King's cutter.*

MARIAN stands in front watching the burning vessel, and wringing her hands in despair. By her side is EDWARD, splicing a rope, with a large case-knife in his hand.

Edw. She burns bravely. Good night to the Fox.

Mar. Undone! undone! Wine,—gin,—brandy,—tea,—three hundred pounds at least!—and all gone,—all destroyed!

Edw. Never mind, mother: if we lose it, the revenue hawks will not be the better for it. They'll not get so much as a spoonful of gin or a sup of brandy to pay them for all the hard knocks they have had!

Mar. Boy! boy! we are ruined! That cargo was the venture of all we were worth, and more than all. Where shall our hunger now find bread? My children! my children! and I must hear your hungry cries for food, and not answer them with tears.

Edw. Psha! mother, what's the use of crying? The Fox is burning, and there's an end of it. [*The boat reaches the shore beyond the huts, so that the landing of the Smugglers is not seen by the Audience. At the same time a boat starts off from the cutter.*] Father comes—father comes! Dry up your eyes, mother. Make haste: he looks plaguy

cross, and you know his hand is apt to fall heavy on you and me in his evil moods.

*Mar* Go in, boy—I dread his temper.

*Edw* That's more than I do. Bless your soul, I don't mind him a rope's end. 'Tis but a good beating, and that's soon over.

*Harrop.* [*Without.*] Haul the skiff up close on the beach, and stow the sails in the house.

HARROP, WILLIAM, and Smugglers enter U. E. L. H. Edward runs up to Harrop.

*Edw.* Now, father what news?

*Har.* [*Striking him.*] 'Sdeath, you hound! do you laugh at me? Don't you see the smack burning?—are you blind?

*Edw.* If I'm not, I'm sure it's not your fault. [*The vessel blows up with a loud explosion.*]

*Har.* Do you hear that?

*Edw.* Yes—I'm not deaf.

*Har.* What's that you mutter?

*Mar.* Go in, Edward—go in.

*Edw.* I shan't—let him do his worst.

*Har.* Why, you young scoundrel, do you brave me?

*Mar.* Let me entreat you, Harrop—Edward, go in.

*Edw.* I'm not afraid—beat me, if you will.

*Har.* By heavens!—No—I was too hasty, and thou art a brave fellow, Ned: poor Philip had not a stouter heart.

*Mar.* Poor Philip! Has anything happened to him?

*Har.* You'll know soon enough; they'll bring him here directly.

*Edw.* What! have they killed Philip?

*Mar.* Oh that my breath could raise the sea in storms to overwhelm them all!

*Har.* Be quiet, woman—the boy's wounded to death, and your howling will do no good.

*Edw.* [*Going up to Harrop, and straining his knife vehemently in his hand.*] Father—Tricksey, the guager, gave notice to the King's ship of our boat being off the coast—if Phil' is to die, should he 'scape scot free?

*Har.* [*Squeezing his hand*] Brave boy—brave boy! I've lost nothing while you remain to me. [*Other Smugglers enter, bearing PHILIP, covered with blood, and speechless*]

*Mar.* My son! my son! I never truly loved you till this moment! Speak to me—call me mother.

*Edw.* Four wounds! and each one large enough to let out four lives.

*Wil.* [*Who has been looking out.*] A boat is coming from the cutter with Tricksey and his German friend, Hans Ketzler

*Har.* Who? the guager? In with you! in all of you. Lead Philip to his bed—and some of you take that woman into your own hovel, that the poor lad may die in peace.

*Mar.* I will not leave him. Who so fit as a mother to close his dying eyes?

*Har.* Marian, have you heard me? I am used to be obeyed by men, and shall not entreat a woman.

*Mar.* Ah! I fear you no longer: since Philip is lost to me, what have I to fear for?

*Har.* Force her away! [*Some of the Smugglers force her off, 3 E. L. H. while others bear in Philip.*] The rest in with me—except you, Edward. Stay you here, to learn what the guager is about

*Edw.* [*Maliciously*] Yes, yes—I'll look to him. [*All enter the cottage, L. H. except Edward—he conceals himself behind the oak. The boat reaches the shore—TRICKSEY and HANS KETZLER land, and the Sailors row back to the cutter. Ketzler is constantly at Tricksey's right hand, between him and the tree. Music during the time of the landing.*]

*Trick.* Bravely fought, Hans—was it not?

*Ketz.* Ja—very brave! But who, in the Teufel's name, told you so? You were in die hold all der time, snug as one littel fairy in der cowslip-bell.

*Trick.* Prudence, Hans, prudence—nothing but prudence. There were enough to fight without me. It was plaguy ill-nature in Harrop, though, to set fire to the ship and burn the cargo. I shall make bold to tell him so much when I see him.

*Ketz.* Dat sall be a long time. Know you they are all blown up.

*Trick.* I don't believe it. I am sure they took care of themselves before they set fire to the ship; though I didn't choose to say so on board the cutter, for fear the captain should land his men and seek for them, for then they would all have swung for the men that are killed.

*Ketz.* Ja—and one very good thing too.

*Trick.* Very bad, you mean—it would have knocked up my business.

*Ketz.* In mein mind, then, it were besser you not see Harrop at all.

*Trick.* Why so, my hero of Saxony

*Ketz.* Humph!

*Trick.* Humph! What do you mean by humph? Speak out plainly.

*Ketz.* Why it has just come into mein head that Harrop may not be altogether pleased with your part in diess business.

*Trick.* Pleased! Who the devil ever thought he would! or who cares about his pleasure?

*Ketz.* Mein Gott! what der great hero you are with your tongue. If dein hertz—your heart—were but half so valiant, you would be more braver what Cæsar was.

*Trick.* I shall begin to think you are afraid of this fellow Harrop.

*Ketz.* Was! was you say? Ich afraid! Sapperment!

*Trick.* Be cool—be cool, can't you? I didn't mean to offend you: but your German blood is so prodigiously hot.

*Ketz.* And your lawyer blood is so verdammt cold! die fear has frozen it into one gross piece of ice. No man besser understand die mystery of die retreat what you do.

*Trick.* If I fear flesh and blood, you fear the devil and the spirit. You have a certain dread—respect. I would say—for goblins, witches, and all those wonderful personages so faithfully recorded in the tales of old women. Now, for my part, I don't care a jot for any one of them. I would as soon meet the dead granny Shipton as any of her living successors. But you are getting into a passion.

*Ketz.* Got damn, nein—Ich am so cool as one day in January. Are we to stay here all der night? Oder are we to go home? Der little while ago you were in one big hurry to land, because you had business.

*Trick.* There is a little mystery in that, which I must let you into. The smugglers purposely set fire to their vessel—of that I am certain.

*Ketz.* Ich do believe it. But, supposing it so—

*Trick.* Why, supposing it so, it is a hundred to one that they flung over the most valuable part of their cargo, for the tide to drift it ashore.

*Ketz.* Verdammt! Why did you not say so much to der herr captain of der cutter?

*Trick.* And let him share the prize? No, I thank you.

*Edw.* Rascal!

*Trick.* Did not somebody speak?

*Ketz.* Ja—and somebody who does seem to know you remarkably well. Was giebis? who there? [Hans Ketzler

*moves forward.*] Du Hundsfoth ! Come out—come into der light of der moon—let us look upon your ugly face. [*Drags him forward.*]

*Edw.* (R.) Let go of my collar. [*Threatening with his knife.*]

*Trick.* Here's an imp of the old one!

*Ketz.* Ja—one true Teufel's child. So, Burche, you do amuse yourself with calling the people rascal.

*Edw.* Whom did I call rascal?

*Ketz.* Sapperment ! was an impudent young knave it is !

*Trick.* Come along, Hans. [*Crosses to R. H.*]

*Ketz.* Ich muss take this jung knave with us.

*Edw.* I tell you again, you had better leave me alone.

*Trick.* Hans, for Heaven's sake, be quiet ; it's Harrop's boy—hear me——[*He whispers Hans, who shakes his head, doubtingly.*]

*Ketz.* You must have your own way, I suppose. And you, Teufel's kind ! think yourself lucky dass Ich let you off so easily, and don't tempt the teufel again.

*Edw.* I didn't ask for your advice:

*Trick.* Come along.

*Ketz.* But der gin, der wine, der brant wein—all what you say was flung overboard, and would be drift ashore !

*Trick.* Rot the gin and brandy ! my life is dearer to me than all the gin and brandy in Christendom. Come ! [*Tricksey goes out R. H.—Hans Ketzler follows slowly, grumbling. Edward watches them out of sight, and then knocks at the door of the cottage.*]

*Edw.* Father ! they are gone. [*Harrop comes out.*]

*Har.* Which road did they take ?

*Edw.* The right.

*Har.* Where's Richard ?

*Edw.* At the inn, I believe. But he promised to be here to help land the Fox's cargo. If you go up the right hand road you'll be sure to meet him ; for he always comes through the Abbey Close up to the hazel-wood, to save time.

*Har.* I don't want him—he's too chicken-hearted for our business. Give me your knife. Now, go to Harry's, and stay with your mother till I come back.

*Edw.* I will. [*Edward goes into cottage 2 E. L. H.—Harrop goes after Tricksey and Hans.*]

CENE II.—*A Wood. In front a single thick cluster of low bushes.*

*Enter TRICKSEY. R. H.*

*Trick.* How the fellow litters! he can't stir a step without muttering a spell, as if he thought to outwit Beelzebub, whom he most barbarously nicknames der Teufel, and der Kobold, and I know not what besides.

*Enter HANS KETZLER, slowly. R. H.*

What incubus or goblin have you met with now?

*Ketz.* Mein very guter friend—Ich sall pray you not to talk with so much familiarity of der Kobold. May be he is much nearer to you than you do imagine.

*Trick.* [*Looking round timidly.*] Eh! what? Oh, the fellow is making a fool of me.

*Ketz.* Sapperment! but it's true. You may laugh mein herr, and make die monkey-faces, aber es geht nicht—it won't do. Look, it moves towards you—you are a dead man. Ich sall go back.

*Trick.* What, not go on with me?

*Ketz.* Nein.

*Trick.* So you really are afraid of this light, and are going to thrust your head into the nest of the smugglers.

*Ketz.* Ich don't mind them—they are men—but Ich do fear den Kobold.

*Trick.* Nonsense! nonsense! you are a coward.

*Ketz.* A coward! Mein guter freund, if you are alive to-morrow morning Ich sall make you to eat your words.

*Trick.* I'll eat anything you like to-morrow morning, but don't leave me now.

*Ketz.* Stay with der Kobold! Himmel und Erde! nein—good night

[*Exit R. H.*]

*Trick.* A pretty situation, truly! If der Kobold does not think proper to take me to-night, my very good friend will send me post haste to him to-morrow. Pleasant enough! The light burns still. What can it be? That cursed fellow has infected me with his fears! I think—yes, I almost begin to fancy—that I am half afraid: and yet it cannot be. Though the devi has some claim to me yet that he should come himself in person—the belief of it discredits any sound understanding. Don't I hear steps! what an infernal adventure this is like to be! [*The report of a pistol is heard.*] Missed me, by Heaven! [*Music. He flings himself down amongst the bushes.*]

*Enter HARROP, 2 E. R. H.*

*Har.* The rascal dropped—and yet I don't think I hit him. [*Music. While he examines the bushes at the farther end Tricksey creeps along, and darts up the middle path, R. . .*] Is it so? the next shot shall be more certain. [*Music. Harrop follows him.*]

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SCENE III.—*A Room in Frankland's Inn. In the back, over the chimney, is a dial, the hand of which is near upon eleven.*

LANGLEY, MONKTON, WENTWORTH, WHITE, and FALLOW-FIELD, &c. seated at a table, drinking. FRANKLAND stands beside them.

CHORUS OF GUESTS.

The flowers of day are drooping,  
For the sun is quench'd in night;  
The owl from his nest is whooping,  
And dogs bay the cold moon's light.

But while the red wine is flowing,  
And the wood-fire blazes high,  
Our night is more brightly glowing,  
Than the day of an Eastern sky.

Then fill us a deeper measure,  
And heap up the cheerful blaze;  
Wine gives us the day's best pleasure,  
And our fire the sun's lost rays.

*Enter RICHARD, R. H.*

*Frank.* What! Richard! as glad to see you, lad, as though you were a cask of moonlight.

*Rich.* Thank you, Master Frankland—but I haven't come to stay: the Fox is in the offing.

*Frank.* Bravo, Dick; such another cargo, and you are a made man

*Rich.* But where's Mary?

*Frank.* Not far off, I reckon. [*Mary sings without.*] Do you hear that?

*Rich.* To be sure I do—Lord bless her sweet voice! it makes me feel like—like——

*Frank.* Like an ass, of course; but don't be shame-faced for the matter—I was as big a fool myself, when I married her mother.

*Enter MARY, L. H. [Frankland retires up the stage, and busies himself with the company.]*

*Mary.* At last, Richard? I expected you three hours ago

*Rich.* I've been looking out for the Fox's people.

*Mary.* Would to Heaven, Richard, you gave up the connexion altogether—they are a disgrace to any honest man: smugglers on the water, poachers on land, and thieves at all times. Have nothing to do with them, Richard.

*Rich.* And so I will: but I must first get enough to buy us the wedding-ring, and a snug little cottage, with an acre or two of land, to keep the wolf from the door. One more successful voyage, and we are made.

*Mary.* Or perhaps ruined. Richard! Richard!

*Rich.* You are always expecting the worst, Mary.

*Mary.* And am I not always right, Richard?

*Rich.* No, not always so—for instance——

*Mary.* What, sir?

*Rich.* Come, don't be angry. If you did but know how prettily a smile sits upon those cherry cheeks, you'd never look cross again.

*Mary.* Does it? Well, well—I won't be angry: but you really must promise me that this night shall be the last of your acquaintance with these smugglers. *[During the last speeches Frankland walks up to them, unperceived by either.]*

*Frank.* Don't promise any such thing. Why, you young hussey, where do you think the tea and the gin and the brandy are to come from, if the smugglers don't help us to them? is there any gentleman in all the country that would lift up his hand against them? don't they all, high and low, encourage them? and is it for us to be more honest than our betters?

*Mary.* Father! father! you will be the ruin of Richard.

*Frank.* What, by telling him to make his fortune as fast as he can.

*Mary.* Let him do it, then, by honest industry.

*Frank.* Honest industry! how dare you talk of such things? Would you ruin my inn? would you have your poor father starve? Oh, you unnatural jade!

*Mary.* He has been bred a sailor and a fisherman—let him live by it.

*Frank.* By bobbing for eels, I suppose? No no, girl——

*Mary.* All this signifies nothing—I have made up my mind.

*Frank.* Made up your mind, have you? Dick, that's a great point in your favour, for she'll be sure to change it before to-morrow

*Mary.* You will find yourself mistaken, father. Hear me, Richard—if after to-night you have any dealings with those men, you shall never call me wife.

*Rich.* But Mary—

*Mary.* I'm resolved!

*Frank.* And so am I—till he can shew me two hundred pounds in his own hands, he shall never marry Mary

*Rich.* No more wrangling—we'll talk of this to-morrow—you are both growing warm. Good night, Mary. [*She turns away,*] Not one kiss?

*Mary.* Not till you have deserved it.

*Rich.* I will ere long.

*Mary.* It must be by obedience then, for I am determined you shall obey me before marriage.

*Frank.* And after too, I fancy [*Richard endeavours to kiss her.*]

*Mary.* No—not one—[*He snatches a kiss.*]

*Rich.* Good night!

[*He goes out* L. H.]

*Monk.* It's all nonsense, fancied by a set of doting grandames, who, when they are too blind to see a millstone, and too deaf to hear any clack but their own, think they hear and see more than any body else can.

*Lang.* And I say, upon the word of a magistrate, it's all true—I saw one with my own eyes.

*Monk.* Nonsense—nonsense! even little Mary laughs at your ghosts and goblins.

*Lang.* Mary, indeed! with all her laughing, I would lay you a guinea to a crown she's afraid to go to the Abbey Close to-night, and fetch a slip from the yew-tree.

*Monk.* Done!

*Lang.* Done! a guinea to a crown.

*Went.* You'll lose your wager, Monkton.

*Monk.* I don't fear it.

*Frank.* What is the matter, gentlemen?

*Monk.* The matter is this—Langley has laid a guinea to crown that Mary is afraid to go to the Abbey Close to-night, and fetch a slip from the yew tree. You know the tree.

*Frank.* Oh, yes—it grows in the middle of the Abbey Close. Every body knows the old yew-tree.

*Lang.* But your little heroine seems quite silent.

*Monk.* What say you, Mary? will you win me this wager?

*Mary.* If going to the Abbey Close and cutting a slip from the yew-tree will do it, most certainly,

*Monk.* You hear, Langley.

*Lang.* But let her do it—talking and acting are widely different.

*Frank.* Lord bless you, sir! Mary has no faith in ghosts  
[*Aside.*] An old fool!

*Lang.* Let her set about it, then.

*Mary.* With all my heart.

*Monk.* Stop, my girl—it's fair that your courage should have its reward. This purse of five guineas waits your successful return. Here's my hand to the promise, and Harry Monkton never yet gave his hand to a falsehood. You'll want a knife to cut the slip—take mine. [*He pulls out a large pocket-knife, and gives it to Mary.*] And now set off, and be speedy in the business. We will wait your return in the kitchen.

*Mary.* Don't fear me, sir—you'll win your wager, but lose your purse.

*Monk.* Away with you! [*Exit Mary, L. H.*] Come, my little magistrate! [*Exeunt R. H.*]

**SCENE IV.**—*The Abbey Close. The moon shines brightly at first, but at intervals is completely overcast by large black masses of cloud that roll rapidly along. On the left hand is the church. At the back is a small river, skirting the church-yard, and dividing it from a thick wood. A large yew tree.*

*Enter RICHARD, L. H.*

*Rich.* Now had I any reasonable degree of faith in the creed of our grandames, I should take this as an omen of evil, and turn back. Ha, ha ha! A glorious storm is brewing—the very thing for us to land the Fox's cargo, if she should come in to-night. Those clouds will soon throw a wet veil over the moon's face, and then all will be snug. [*Music. The report of a pistol heard, R. H.*] A pistol shot—and here! Strange! [*As he is going out he is met by Harrop.*]

*Har.* Skulking? Eh? Avast, messmate—there are breakers ahead,

*Rich.* Harrop?

*Har.* What, is it you, Richard? You spoke just in time, my lad, for I thought you were a shark on the look out.

*Rich.* What have you been about?

*Har.* Sewing up the guager's mouth.

*Rich.* You have not murdered him?

*Har.* Indeed but I have—and done nobody any wrong either, unless it be the hangman, by robbing him of his fee: but you, mayhap, intend to turn informer——

*Rich.* Betray you? No—never! This infernal deed merits the rope, but I am not a hangman. What power of madness, what demon, could tempt you to this horrible act, which, in the telling only, makes the blood stand coldly at my heart?

*Har.* No matter for that. The rascal gave notice of the Fox being off the Headland, and Elliott's cutter bore down upon us like a gun-shot. We shewed them some play for it—kept up a running fight for two glasses—but all would not do; so we set fire to the Fox that they might not get anything.

*Rich.* All lost, then?

*Har.* Aye, all—except a few casks of brandy that we had time to heave overboard. As they are well hooped, and the sand runs smooth, there's a pretty fair chance of their drifting ashore.

*Rich.* Ruined! Poor Mary! you said it would be so.

*Har.* We shall do no good by standing here and chattering about it—lend a hand to heave the guager into the river.

*Rich.* 'Twere a dreary task. Let it pass: nobody was present, so nobody can witness to the deed.

*Har.* That's true—but they may clap me into the bilboes upon suspicion.

*Rich.* Well, if I must—if the danger is so urgent——But, by the Power that made me, I never knew what terror was till now!

*Har.* Dreams of fancy! Come—he fell not far off—by yonder clumps of trees—and I dare say we shall find something in his pocket to pay us for our trouble in burying him.

*Rich.* Monstrous! Have you no fear—no remorse?

*Har.* None.

*Rich.* [*Agitated.*] Harrop! I'll serve you till the danger is past, because it is danger; and then I am a stranger to you for ever.

*Har.* As you please. [*Winds howls.*]

*Rich.* The wind howls dreadfully.

*Har.* Yes, it whistles through the old broken belfry as if it would blow it away.

*Rich.* The night is like this action—dark and horrible.

*Har.* Nonsense! nonsense! [*Exeunt 2 E. R. H. Music*

MARIAN enters L. H. crosses to R. H. and exit. After a pause Mary is heard singing without, as if at a little distance

The Spring's first morning,  
O'er earth was dawning,  
And the leaf was on the tree;—

Enter MARY, L. H.

The sun was beaming,  
The breeze was streaming,  
And green was the rippled sea.

[Lightning R. H. Mary seems alarmed; but, as if struggling with her fear, continues to sing, though in an under tremulous tone, till at last her voice dies away. Church bell tolls.]

Mary. Is this indeed reality—or are my senses leaving me? Did not the funeral bell toll? I think I heard it—yet no human hand could be near. It must have been my fancy. All is on the sudden so deadly still—not a leaf moves—and yet but a few minutes ago the wind blew violently—[Bell tolls again.]—and now it comes again as furiously as ever. [The wind howls.]

A dreadful thought is coming over me! a thought  
Of power to wither reason.

Gracious heavens! do not bereave me of my senses—afflict me not with madness! Hark! I hear the tinkling of the sheep-bell, the barking of the watch-dog. How foolish my fear was! I did not know I was so great a coward—but I'll not go back without a slip from the yew-tree. No, no—they would laugh at me then, indeed! [Music. She goes to the yew-tree—just as she has cut the bough, lightning flashes—a loud scream is heard, R. H.—She starts away from the tree in terror.] Horrors are bursting from the charnel-house to blast me! [Mary drops the knife and the yew-branch, and falls on her knees in a paroxysm of terror.] Oh, help! help! [The wind again howls furiously.] I'll hear and see no more!

Har. [Without.] I say somebody is there—I heard a voice—

Rich. [Without.] It's nothing but your distempered imagination.

Har. [Without.] Is it? we'll soon see that. [Mary starts up—staggers forward a few paces—the moon is suddenly obscured—the thunder rolls, and the flashes of lightning are vivid and frequent.]

Mary. Terror freezes my limbs—I cannot move! [She

*falls down by the side of a tombstone. Harrop and Richard enter—the former has a knife in his hand ]*

*Har.* I doubt I have not killed her

*Rich.* Are you man or devil? Your hands are drenched in blood, and yet you are not satisfied.

*Har.* If a little blood frightens you, heave off, white-livered fool!

*Rich.* Better so than have the praise of such courage as yours. Strike at a poor defenceless woman—for shame!

*Har.* Why make so many words about nothing? It was not safe to let her go and tell people she had seen us with a dead body. Nay, I'll not swear that she might not see me shoot the guager

*Rich.* Better so than as it is. [*Harrop walks about searching for Mary.*]

*Har.* I wish the moon would peep out and shew us the other skulker—it's so dark, I can hardly tell a tree from a tombstone. [*Music. Mary rises and crosses round to U. E. L. H. and back. Her cloak catches in a branch of the yew-tree, and she remains fixed.*] Surely I see something by the old yew-tree. [*Music. Mary unties the cloak, and leaving it on the tree, creeps to the other side of the tombstone—**Music. Harrop strikes with his knife at the cloak.*] I have you now!

*Rich.* Another murder!

*Har.* [*Who has discovered his mistake.*] Yes, and a very terrible one, truly! An old cloak, which somebody has left here.

*Rich.* I'll stay no longer. If I am to help you in concealing—Concealing! nothing can conceal this horror—mountains cannot cover it—seas cannot wash away its bloodiness

*Har.* I dare say—I dare say! but I've dropped my knife. [*Lightning. His foot kicks against the knife which Mary dropped.*] Here it is—come along. [*He picks it up, and they go off 2 E. R. H.*]

*Mary.* It's all explained—terribly explained! A double murder! and done within the hallowed circle of the dead! Dreadful—dreadful! But why do I linger? What is this inward impulse that keeps me here? It is as if something whispered me that to stay but another minute is to be lost—and yet I cannot go. Something more terrible remains, and I feel myself tied down to see the end of it. [*Thunder rolls more violently. Harrop and Richard appear 2 E. R. H. bearing Tricksey's body, wrapped in a sack, towards the*

*water—the wind howls furiously—Richard's hat is blown off.}]*

*Rich.* Stop my hat is off.

*Har.* Let us get this off our hands—there will be time enough for your hat hereafter.

*Rich.* On, then! [*Music. Harrop and Richard go out with the body L. H. Mary seizes the hat—Harrop turns round and perceives her.*]

*Har.* I said there was a skulker. [*She flies—he pursues her.*]

*Rich.* What's the matter now?

*Har.* After her! after her! [*Rushes out in pursuit of Mary, R. H.*]

*Rich.* Surely his brain is turned! I could well wish I had never known him. Lights coming this way! I dare not stay—and why not? I am not a murderer—and yet a weight of lead is at my heart—the frost of winter is thrilling in my veins! [*A short pause.*] There's blood upon my hands. [*Music.*]

*Monk.* [*Without R. H.*] This way—this way——

*Rich.* I must not stay! [*He rushes out 2 E. R. H.*]

*Monk.* [*Without, L. H.*] Do make haste—some accident must have happened to the poor girl!

MONKTON, LANGLEY, WHITE, and WENTWORTH, *enter with lighted torches in their hands, L. H.*

*Monk.* [*As he enters.*] I begin to fear the worst as we have not met her—and she has been gone long enough to have won the wager three times over.

*Lang.* It is most probable that she has been frightened by something, and fainted. This dismal place, at such an hour of the night, and in such weather! I really think we had better go back. [*During this dialogue all are employed in searching for Mary.*]

*Monk.* That unlucky wager! If any ill befall her—the blood runs cold in my veins! Langley, you and I together have destroyed that girl.

*Lang.* I! I deny your words. Didn't I tell you how dangerous it was to walk in the Abbey Close at midnight?—I wish we were out of it now—and didn't you bribe her to this ridiculous feat, and praise her courage? I, indeed!

*Monk.* Let us not quarrel—the thing is done. If you feel easy, so much the better for you. I shall never again lay my head in peace upon my pillow.

*Lang.* I only wish we were out of this horrible place.

*Monk.* I'd give my right hand to see her sitting again by her father's fire-side.

*Lang.* What's that glittering at your feet? is it not a knife?

*Monk.* [*Picking up the knife that was dropped by Harrop.*] It is: and here, too, is a branch of yew: she must have been in the Abbey Close.

*Went.* [*Who is at the back of the stage.*] The ground is wet with blood—and here again, till it ends by the river's side. She has been murdered!

*Lang.* Don't let us stay here a minute, then—the ruffians may be still about the place.

*Monk.* Are you not ashamed to own yourself so pitiful a coward? that girl's blood is upon our heads, and every drop of it cries out shame upon your cowardice.

*Lang.* If the girl's murdered, that's no reason why we should be so too. [*Mary, without R. H. calls for help, and immediately afterwards rushes in.*]

*Mary.* Save me! save me!

*Monk.* My poor girl! Heaven be praised that you are safe. But what is it that has frightened you?

*Mary.* Am I safe?

*Monk.* Do you not know us? look up.

*Mary.* I did but just escape. But where are we?

*Monk.* In the Abbey Close.

*Mary.* For God's sake, let us be gone—there's danger here.

*Monk.* Danger of what?

*Mary.* They are not far off. Pray let us go—I'm sure they must be near.

*Monk.* Who? who are near, Mary?

*Mary.* I could not distinguish their faces; there was too little light for that; but I saw them drag a body over the graves, and fling it into the river. This hat belonged to one of the assassins—there is a name in it—[*Mary screams.*]

*Monk.* The name? A torch——

*Went.* Richard! [*She screams with terror, and drops the hat. Monkton picks it up.*]

*Mary.* [*Snatching the hat from him.*] No, no, no! What did I say? I took it from him. It is not his—he did not drop it.

*Monk.* Poor girl! poor girl! she does not know what she is saying.

*Mary.* He's innocent! yes, he's innocent! I know he is.

By my fright—I—ha, ha, ha!—he's innocent. [*She laughs hysterically, and drops exhausted into their arms.*]

## END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The interior of Richard's Cottage. Brandy, gin, ham, cold meat, and a lighted lamp, on an oak table, that stands in the centre of the room.*

*Har.* [*Without.*] Holla! At home, Richard? [*Pauses a moment, then enters, L. H. D.*] So, so! he is not yet come back. I see his old dame has left a noble supper ready for him. Suppose he should not return all night! That's bad, for I've led the blood hounds into this track, and to find him here with the guager's pocket-book would confirm the suspicions excited by that. A lucky chance that; and as lucky, that, in following that young girl back to the Abbey Close, I should overhear all. Let me see—how shall I act? [*He takes out his watch.*] 'Tis past eleven! Suppose I drop the pocket-book beneath the table, and trust the rest to chance. It would be better that I should be sure of Richard's coming back. Footsteps without! 'tis he, I think. [*Harrop puts up the pocket-book again.* *RICHARD enters, L. H. D.*] It is! All, then, is right.

*Rich.* I'm glad to hear that, for your sake! 'Twas not so when I left the Abbey Close.

*Har.* Did you hear what was said?

*Rich.* How should I?

*Har.* Curiosity, I should have thought——

*Rich.* Curiosity! I was never less inclined to curiosity in my life.

*Har.* Then you overheard nothing?

*Rich.* No, no—I tell you, no! I tacked about as quietly as possible, and made my way home—though with as many turns and windings as a hunted hare.

*Har.* So I should suppose. What do you intend to do?

*Rich.* [*Seated on R. H. side of table.*] To do?

*Har.* Aye—what do you intend to do?

*Rich.* What should I do?

*Har.* This quibbling is from the purpose. If the matter comes to question, shall you betray me?

DAUGHTER.

*Rich.* Betray you! not a jot of it—there's my hand to—  
[*Struggling with his feelings*] No—by heavens! I can't  
take you by the hand—there's blood upon it still!

*Har.* I thought so.

*Rich.* What did you think?—though I have too much fear  
for an assassin, I have too much courage for an informer.

*Har.* You're a kind fellow.

*Rich.* Don't mistake me Harrop—I owe you no kind  
ness—but for Marian's sake, for the sake of your children,  
and a little, perhaps, for the sake of old fellowship, I would  
not see you on a gibbet.

*Har.* [*Starting*] Didn't you hear a groan? Hark

*Rich.* I hear it plainly enough.

*Har.* Again!

*Rich.* What can it mean?

*Har.* It means no good to us, you may be sure.

*Rich.* To us? To *yourself*, you should say. I would not  
be the partner of your action, though each drop of blood  
it has spilt were the purchase of a ton of gold. [*Crosses to*  
L. H.]

*Har.* [*Muttering.*] We shall reckon for this ere long.

*Rich.* What do you say?

*Har.* Will you look out a-head, and see what this noise  
means?

*Rich.* Oh, with all my heart. [*Crosses to L. H. Music—*  
*Richard lights a candle, and goes out at door.*]

*Har.* This is strange but there's not a moment to be  
lost in thinking about it. I'll fling the pocket-book beneath  
the table, and then—*Music.* Harrop crosses to L. H. with  
the intention of placing the book under the table.] Hold!—  
no, it will be better to put it into the pocket of his great  
coat. *Music.* He puts the pocket-book into the pocket of  
the great coat which Richard had hung against the wall,  
R. H. Now, when they come they'll be sure to search; and,  
finding this will fix the business on Richard. I wonder that  
the bloodhounds have not been here yet—I gave them clue  
enough. However, I'll be off while I can. [*As he is going*  
*out he is met by Richard, who enters with the light extin-*  
*guished, L. H.*]

*Rich.* I could see nothing—the wind has blown out my  
candle.

*Har.* It was my fancy, perhaps. Good night!

*Rich.* Stop a moment—I was going to say that—

*Lang.* [*Without L. H. D.*] This way—this way——

THE INNKEEPER'S

*Rich.* They're coming, Harrop! I know Langley's voice. This is no place for you.

*Har.* Fasten the door, man—fasten the door. [*Richard runs to the door, and locks and bolts it.*] *Music.* Now then, I'll above, and make my way out of the window while you hold them in talk below——

*Rich.* But suppose——

*Har.* But! there's no time to talk—do as I tell you. [*Music.* Harrop goes out R. H. D.]

*Rich.* Is not my honesty to a scoundrel making me play the fool here?—they will suspect me—suspect—zounds! I'll—no—no, to betray him were the act of a coward. Besides, I'm innocent—all's well here. [*Putting his hand to his heart.*] Why should I hang my head and creep into corners, who have done no wrong to any one? Let them come—I care not.

*Lang.* [*Without.*] Open the door!

*Rich.* Who is it knocks?

*Lang.* [*Without.*] Open the door instantly, or we shall force it. [*Knocking again*]

*Rich.* You need not make such a clatter. I hear you.— [*He opens the door*]

LANGLEY, MONKTON, WHITE, WENTWORTH, Constables. &c  
*enter.*

*Lang.* [*As he enters.*] Seize him!

*Monk.* Stop, stop—not in such a hurry. He shall have fair play. It was that I came for.

*Lang.* Really, Mr. Monkton, I don't see what right you have to meddle in this business.

*Monk.* May be so, Mr. Langley, but I shall meddle notwithstanding. Richard, you are suspected of a murder, committed within this last hour. You were seen bearing a dead body to the river—your hat was found in the Abbey Close.

*Rich.* All this is true, and yet it is as true that I was not concerned in murdering the guager.

*All.* [*Except Monkton and Langley.*] The guager!

*Lang.* You seem to know something about this affair.

*Monk.* [*After a pause of consideration.*] You must know the perpetrator of this crime.

*Rich.* I do.

*Monk.* Then you must witness against him, for, though I may be satisfied of your innocence, the law does not see with my eyes. [*During the latter part of the dialogue WENT-*

worth has been prying about the room.] You say nothing, Richard?

*Rich.* I know not what to say. [*Crosses to L. H. Music.*]

*Went.* [*Who by this time has found the pocket-book.*] Here, too, is a pocket-book, and in it several notes.

*Rich.* In my pocket! that's impossible.

*Lang.* That's Tricksey's pocket-book—I can swear to it.

*Went.* His name is in it, and papers in his own handwriting?

*Rich.* And you found that in the pocket of my coat?

*Lang.* To be sure he did.

*Rich.* Then Harrop is a scoundrel.

*Lang.* That won't do now, young man. If the pocket-book had not been found in your great coat, why then indeed that might have answered—but now, it won't do—it won't do—'tis too barefaced an expedient.

*Monk.* Richard! Richard! Every thing proves the deed to be yours, and the attempt to fix it upon Harrop, because you know how open he is to suspicion—contemptible!

*Lang.* Away with him, constables—away with him!

*Went.* But whither? It's too far to take him to the county gaol this stormy night.

*Lang.* Right! right! We'll confine him then in the belfry of the church till morning. When the door is bolted, and the ladder taken away, he'll never be able to make his escape, unless the devil helps him. So away with him!

*Rich.* But hear me——

*Monk.* Speak, Richard. [*Richard attempts to speak, but cannot.*]

*Lang.* Hear me no hears—away with him! [*Some of them lead off Richard, L. H. D. Monkton follows slowly.*]

## SCENE II.—*The interior of Harrop's Cottage.*

*Enter WILLIAM, EDWARD, and Smugglers, R. H.*

*Will.* What can have become of your father, Edward? he has been gone nearly an hour. [*Loud and impatient knocking at C. D. R. H.*]

*Edw.* Who's there! [*Edward opens the door—Harrop enters—all the Smugglers crowd around him.*]

*Wil.* Now, Harrop——

2 *Smug.* Is the guager done for?

*Har.* Ave, all's done? Suspicion has fallen on Richard

*Several Smug.* So much the better for you.

*Har.* True, my lads, as far as it goes ; but, to make a secure, we must help him to escape, and ship him off to our friends in Holland.

*Will.* Why so?

*Har.* While he remains here, there's always danger ; once fairly out of the way, all clue would be lost : people would rest contented that he was the murderer, and inquiry would be stifled.

*Will.* Where is he now ?

*Har.* They are taking him to the belfry, and mean to keep him there till daylight.

*Will.* You'll never be able to get him out. No ladder will reach to half the height. He's safe enough.

*Har.* We'll try that directly. Do you run, Edward, and get to the belfry before them, and hide yourself. As they have no reason to suppose any body lies hid, you'll be snug enough.

*Edw.* But what am I to do, father, when I get there?

*Har.* Take with you some of the thin tackling that lies in the boat ; and, when you find all's quiet, drop one end out of the window, and I'll fasten a strong rope to it, by which Richard may descend [Edward goes out C, D.

*Will.* All this is well : but no small boat will live in such a sea as there is to-night.

*Har.* So much the better—so much the better. Let him once be clear out of the way, and I'm safe, and not till then.

*Will.* That's hard, too, Harrop, that the poor lad should be drowned.

*Har.* It's in self-defence, man : besides, he is not one of us : ever since he kept company with Frankland's daughter at the inn, the fool has learnt to talk of his honesty, and such nonsense : his conscience is too qualmish by half—and if he stays here, my life for it, he knocks up the trade.

*Smug.* Let him sink—let him sink !

*Har.* Now, my lads, go and haul down the skiff from the beach, and 'll off to the church. [They all go out R. H. except Harrop and William—Harrop eyes William suspiciously for a few minutes, without speaking.] Now, messmate—

*Will.* This is a bad business. Murdering one another will never answer.

*Har.* Richard is not one of us, though he does sometimes share a smuggling venture.

*Will.* Ever since the first blood was shed in our last voy-

age, things have gone wrong. The Fox was burnt, Phi. was killed, and now your wife——

Har. My wife! what of her?

Will. She's half-mad, I take it: an hour ago I met her on the road to the Abbey Close,

Har. The Abbey Close!

Will. Yes; she was going to Phil's grave.

Har. By heaven, then 'twas she that I—horrible! [*He sinks into a chair.*]

Will. What's the matter with the man?

Har. Nothing—nothing! Give me a glass of brandy—poor Marian!—brandy, I say—brandy! [*William gives him a horn, which he drains eagerly, and then dashes away.*] That makes all right again—and now to work!

Will. But let us hear——

Har. Hear the devil! I tell you what it is, lad—don't cross me—no, not even with a look—my brain's on fire—to the work! to the work! [*They all go out.*]

SCENE III.—*The interior of the Belfry. On one side an old oak form—in the middle a table.*

[*Music.*] EDWARD enters with a small dark lantern in his hand, and some rope.

Edw. I am here first, however—so far is well: and now to let down the string. [*Music. He opens the window and lets down the string, having first fastened one end to the iron grating of a small loo-hole, to the left of the window. An old ragged watch-coat against the wall.*] Lights below! They are coming then. Where shall I hide myself? There is no hole or corner for me to creep into. What's to be done now? I have it. I'll climb up the rafters—they'll hardly look for me there—so here goes. [*He clammers up the rafters, and is partially hid by one of the cross-beams.*]

Lang. [*Without.*] Bring him along! Make haste, for it's a bitter cold night,

LANGLEY, MONKTON, WENTWORTH, HANS KETZLER, and Constables, enter with RICHARD, L. H. D.

Ketz. [*As he enters.*] Cold! Hol mich der teufel! Ich am half frozen! It is one so cold night in November as you would wish to see.

Lang. He is here safe enough, I think—yet, it will be as well to keep guard. Who will undertake to watch him till morning?

*Monk.* For fear he should jump out of the window, I suppose, and break his neck? There is no other way for him to get out.

*Lang.* With your good leave, I shall make all secure. Will you watch, Hans?

*Ketz.* Ja! wid all mein hertz.

*Monk.* You had much better go home. What is it to you whether the lad escapes or not?

*Lang.* Pay no attention to what he says. You are a brave fellow.

*Ketz.* Brave! Ich knew that long ago. Ich fear nothing—

*Monk.* But the Kobold—you forgot him.

*Ketz.* Der Kobold? Mein Gott! a brave man may fear der Kobold.

*Monk.* To be sure he may—therefore take my advice: go home—there's danger abroad.

*Ketz.* You may mock, Mein Herr, aber you sall not make mich der fear.

*Lang.* Right, Hans. Only watch here till morning, and I'll undertake to get for you the guager's place.

*Ketz.* Danke ihnen—thank you, herr. Ich sall keep der watch, in spite of der Kobold.

*Lang.* Do so. And Thomas—[*To one of the Constables*] let him have your blunderbuss. [*Monkton pushes back the Constable, who is about to give his blunderbuss to Hans.*]

*Monk.* Psha! take my pistols—take my pistols: they'll do you twice the service. [*Monkton takes a brace of pistols from his pocket, and gives them to Hans*]

*Ketz.* Ja—der pistol is besser—viel besser.

*Lang.* This is very well: but, for farther security, we must bind him. Stop—there's an old bell-rope—[*The Constables bind Richard, who submits in sullen silence.*]

*Monk.* Richard, my lad, don't be cast down—though all appearances are against you, I do believe you are innocent: and, if you are, there is—No, there is not hope—[*Aside to him.*] Escape, my lad, if you can, for you are in bad hands.

*Rich.* Never mind me, sir. I am not afraid of dying. [*Langley, who, during this, has been employed in giving directions to Hans and the Constables, turns round, and seeing Monkton with Richard, comes up to him suspiciously*]

*Lang.* Have you anything else to say to the prisoner, Mr Monkton; for I intend to leave nobody with him but the person appointed for his guard? The constables will watch

in the vestry below, or additional security. Are you ready to retire?

*Monk.* Richard, there is my purse: try and bribe the German—for, when the morning comes, they'll take you to the county gaol, and then all's over.

*Rich.* You mean it kindly, I know; but it's of no use, for the German can't help me if he would.

*Lang.* Is this secret consultation ended yet?

*Monk.* It is. Have you anything to say?

*Long.* [*Alarmed.*] Nothing—nothing! But if I might venture to say anything, I should say it was time to leave the prisoner to himself. [*Music.*]

MARY enters L. H. D. and crosses to R. H.

And what brings you here?

*Mary.* [*Rushing up to Richard, falls into his arms.*] Oh, Richard! Can you forgive me?

*Rich.* Forgive you, Mary? You have never injured me?

*Mary.* I have! I have destroyed you.

*Rich.* Impossible!

*Mary.* It was I who found the hat—it was I who betrayed you to their suspicion.

*Monk.* That unlucky wager!

*Mary.* Only say that you forgive me—that you do not hate your unhappy Mary: let me not die with that thought on my mind.

*Rich.* Mary!

*Mary.* No, no; be silent still—speak not—you are going to curse me?

*Rich.* Don't say so: what you did was not from an evil heart, I know: and, even if it were, why I love you, Mary—have loved you for five years—and it is not easy to hate any one so suddenly.

*Mary.* I have deserved his curses—but he does not curse me! I will not outlive you, Richard—my heart is half-broken already, and waits but for your forgiveness.

*K-tz.* Mein Gott! this almost makes one woman of me. What a pity that the junger is ome knave

*Monk.* 'Tis false! I am convinced that he had no hand in the murder.

*Mary.* My life upon his innocence!

*Lang.* He may be innocent, but it's very unlikely; and I as a magistrate am to provide for his safe appearance. You'll all retire.

[*Exeunt Constables, L. H. D.*]

*Mary.* But not I—not I?

*Lang.* Yes, you as well as the rest.

*Monk.* Come come—if the poor girl likes to stay, let her stay: it's no great indulgence.

*Lang.* Why, I have a great respect for you, Mr. Monkton—a very great respect; but, as a magistrate, a justice of peace——

*Monk.* Well, well ' we all know that.

*Lang.* To oblige you it shall be so. [*Exit Monkton, L. H. D.*] Hans, watch your prisoner narrowly—my credit is at stake as an active and efficient magistrate. And remember one thing—if he escapes, you stand no chance of being guager.

*Ketz.* Ja—Ich understand! And yet it is one bad business, but Ich will keep my wort. [*They go out L. H. D. leaving Richard, Mary, and Hans together. The noise of drawing bolts, &c. is heard immediately after their exit.*]

*Ketz.* Alles gone! Sehr wohl! But what sall Ich do wid meinsel? Nothing to eat, oder to drink, and dis place so cold as Lapland.

*Mary.* Is there no way of escape? No hope, Richard? Is there nothing to be done to save you?

*Rich.* Nothing. But don't cry. If this had not happened, still I must have died sometime; and perhaps, after all, 'tis best as it is. I might have lived for you to wish me dead, and would not that have been worse? Cheer up, cheer up! A man that is afraid to die is not fit to live.

*Mary.* That fatal yew-tree! And every thing warned me to desist—it was tempting Heaven. Richard! Richard! I little expected this two hours ago.

*Rich.* Say no more about it: we have not long to be together, and it would be folly to poison the pleasure of the time by thinking of that which we cannot alter, though we should break our hearts over it.

*Ketz.* Very wisely spoken—you are a brave junger. Sapperment! Ich like you

*Mary.* You have it in your power to save him.

*Ketz.* Wie so? How so?

*Mary.* You are the only bar to his escape.

*Ketz.* Ach, no! Der belfry is seventy feet, oder more from the ground. Dass is one huge bar

*Mary.* But he might force the door.

*Ketz.* Ja—but du weisst—you know there are no stairs, and they have taken away the ladder. Dass is one other huge bar.

*Rich.* It is not in his power to help me, even if his heart were in the cause.

*Mary.* My dear Richard, your apathy will drive me distracted! You would sacrifice life without a struggle.

*Rich.* If there were the least chance I could be active enough, but now it is little better than rattling the fetters that are too heavy to be shaken off.

*Mary.* Hans, I entreat—I implore you. By detaining him you can gain nothing.

*Ketz.* It is so verdammt cold!

*Mary.* Inhuman monster! [*Crosses L. H.*]

*Ketz.* You are growing in one big passion—but you are a good madchen. Cold! cold! [*His eye falls on the old cloak that hangs against the wall.*] Wer da? Who's there? [*He goes up to the cloak.*] Nothing but one great coat hanging against the wall. It is very ancient, and very ragged; but it will keep out the cold. [*Music. He wraps himself up in the great coat, and lies down on the bench opposite to Richard. Between them, but nearer to Hans, is the table with two lights burning on it. Edward attempts to descend from the rafters—Mary sees him, and gives a half-suppressed scream. Edward hastily conceals himself. Hans lifts up his head.*] Was is dat?

*Mary.* Nothing—except that, as you won't let me have my way, I'm determined you shall not go to sleep, that's all.

*Ketz.* Ha, ha, ha! Madchen, das is very kind! but give yourself no trouble. Ich sall not sleep to-night. [*During the last speech Edward descends, and as the dialogue goes on he proceeds to the window, and pulling up the rope, fastens one end of it to the iron bars of the loop-hole.*]

*Mary.* No, nor to-morrow either: for, if Richard does not get away before morning, I'll die out of spite, and haunt you. [*Edward goes to Richard, and endeavours to untie the rope by which he is confined.*]

*Rich.* A knife! [*Hans, overhearing the exclamation of Richard, again suddenly lifts up his head. Edward hides himself behind Richard.*]

*Ketz.* Ein knife! What can er want with ein knife?

*Mary.* Would you destroy yourself, Richard? Such despair is a sin against heaven.

*Ketz.* Is dat alles? Silly fellow! warum should he be in such a hurry to cut his own throat? [*Music. Hans lies down again—Edward feels in his pocket for a knife, and, after searching for some time, gives them to understand by signs that he has not got one. Mary beckons him to take a candle, and by*

appropriate action signifies that he is to burn the rope. Edward takes the candle, and having carried it to Richard, lays himself down in a remote corner. Mary walks towards the window, and Richard begins to burn the rope.] Sapperment! dies is der worst bed! was! Hundsfott! [*Seeing Richard busy in burning the rope, he levels a pistol at him. At the same instant Mary throws herself before Richard, so as to protect him—the pistol flashes in the pan. All this passes with the utmost rapidity; and, at the same moment the pistol is aimed at him—Richard drops the light* Why, madchen, you must be rasend—mad! If der pistol had not missed fire, Ich must have sent the leaden bullet through your head.

*Rich.* My dear Mary! this is the first time in my life I ever trembled at a loaded pistol.

*Ketz.* [*Who has been examining the pistol.*] Loaded! Gott damn! there is der priming, but dat is alles! dere is no bullet. Ah! ah! Ich see now—it is one trick of der Herr Monkton—he is your friend, and did wish you might run off! Potz! diess accounts for his talking against the blunderbuss. But you are a brave madchen, and I could almost find in mein hertz to believe der junger did not kill der man. [*During this dialogue Harrop gets in at the window, and, coming up to Hans, presents a loaded pistol to his head. The face of Harrop is covered with a black crape.*]

*Har.* If you call out you are a dead man. Here's a knife, girl: cut the rope. [*He gives a knife to Mary, who begins to sunder the rope.*]

*Ketz.* Mighty fine! mighty fine! but, notwithstanding that black crape upon your face, Ich can see that you were born to be hung.

*Har.* Is it cut? What do you stand gaping there for, Ned. Lend a hand, or the whole town will be about our ears before it's done.

*Rich.* 'Tis done at last.

*Har.* Off then, and I'll follow. [*Richard crosses to L. H.*]

*Mary.* I will not leave you, Richard: whatever your fate may be is mine. We'll live and die together.

*Har.* That nonsense won't do now. [*Hans is stealing towards the window.*] Stop! if you stir another step, I'll blow your brains out!

*Hans.* Ich shall stand so still as one mouse.

*Rich.* Yes, my dear girl, you shall go with me.

*Har.* I tell you again, it's impossible. There is but a single rope and I take it she can't get down by that. And

you, if you were half as fond of the lad as you pretend to be, would not hang upon him like a millstone round the neck of a drowning man.

*Mary* Go, Richard—go ! let me not have to reproach myself with your ruin. Fly, before it is too late. Nay, no words—make haste.

*Har* The least noise will bring them up, and then you are lost

*Ketz.* Will it? Help ! help below ! [*Hans knocks violently at door—Harrop is about to shoot him, when Richard holds his arm.*]

*Rich.* No more murders, Harrop, for God's sake ! more than enough blood has been shed this night. Farewell, Mary ! [*Music.* Mary and Richard embrace. Harrop, by action, expresses impatience. Tableau formed, and the Scene closes on them.

#### SCENE IV.—*The lower part of the Belfry.*

*Enter* MONKTON, LANGLEY, WENTWORTH, WHITE, CONSTABLES, &c.

*Monk.* What's the fellow making so much noise about ? Raise the ladder, Wentworth, and see what goblin has frightened him. [*Wentworth goes R. H.*

*Ketz.* [*Above.*] Stop ! stop them ! Donner und blitzen ! der Schurke shall escape, and nobody shall stop him !

*Lang.* Do you hear that ? the prisoner has escaped !

*Monk.* I'm glad of it—heartily glad of it.

*Lang.* Very unkind—very unneighbourly ! I had set my heart on seeing the young fellow hanged ; it would have done so much good to the morals of society.

*Enter* HANS KETZLER, R. H. followed by WENTWORTH and MARY.

*Ketz.* Tod und Holle ! you muss had one deaf ear—schr wohl, Madchen I call, I bawl—tausend teufel, Miss Maikin—I roar—ha, ha ! miss ; you shall be hung for help him to escape : die judges in der big wigs understand noting of der love—noting at all.

*Mary.* [*Recognizing the knife.*] It is—it is—the very same and Harrop is the murderer.

*All.* Harrop !

*Monk.* Like enough, my good girl ; but can you prove it ?

*Mary.* This knife was given to me by Harrop not five minutes since, to cut the rope that bound Richard.

*Ketz.* Dass is all true, only Ich did not know Harrop.

*Lang.* But it proves nothing.

*Mary.* It proves everything. This the knife you, sir, lent to me to cut a slip from the yew-tree: and this, in my terror, I dropped in the Abbey Close—Look at it—am I not right? Is it not the same?

*Monk.* It is, indeed; and yet I thought I picked up mine when first we came to the Abbey Close—I ought to have it about me [*Takes a knife out of his pocket.*] Let me see, this looks something like mine—and yet most certainly it cannot belong to me—Blood upon the blade—and on the handle is cut E H A—R—Oh! E. Harrop—

*Mary.* The boy's knife—Edward Harrop! [*Frankland rushes in, L. H. D. pushing Langley out his way*]

*Frank.* Out of the way! Where's Richard? It's all come out! I knew he was innocent.

*Monk.* Let us understand you.

*Frank.* Harrop's wife, that you all thought dead—

*Monk.* Lives?

*Frank.* Yes, lives—though she'll hardly hold out till morning.

*Mary.* To the purpose, father—to the purpose.

*Frank.* Why, she knows that she has not many hours to live, and has confessed all—she declares that Harrop is the murderer! But where's Richard?

*Mary.* Gracious Heavens! That villain Harrop has persuaded him to fly the country. [*Thunder.*]

*Monk.* What! in such a night as this?

*Frank.* Then he is lost—no boat could ride out this storm for an hour together—*Mary crosses to L. H.*] Where are you going to, Mary?

*Mary.* To the beach—to the beach! [*Mary rushes out L. H. D. follwed by all.*]

SCENE V.—*The Sea Beach.* At a considerable distance from the sea shore is a narrow sand, partly skirted by low rocks. On one side of the stage is a light-house, which stands on a little mole, projecting a few feet only into the water—round the body of this light-house, about a yard from its summit, is a circular balcony with a wooden railing, and on the summit itself is a lamp that holds three burning lights, triangularly disposed. Several boats are drawn up on the beach. A storm-

boat is floating on the water close to the shore L. H. Anchors, coils of ropes, grappling-irons, &c. are scattered around.

HARROP, WILLIAM, and other Smugglers on the shore. *v.* a watching Richard, whose boat is seen diving violently to wards the long sands.

Will. It's all over with him now: in another minute the old skiff is staved upon the sands.

Har. Just as it should be, for it's a flood tide, and the water will soon wash over the rocks. But why is the light-house beacon burning? That may serve to shew him his danger. Up with you, and douse the lamp!

Will. Not I.

Har. Then I will. [*Music* Harrop enters the light-house and is seen in the gallery—he takes down the light. A deep peal of thunder—the boat then dashes against the rocks and immediately sinks. Richard gains the rock, and climbs to the top of it.] The fool's climbing up the rock—as if that would do him any good!

Will. Poor fellow! he has forgotten the flood tide: and no wonder. Another ten minutes, and he's lost indeed!

Har. Huzza! the tide rises! he's—[*The railing against which he leans gives way with a loud crash, and he tumbles into the water.*] By heavens, he's gone!

MONKTON, LANGLEY, FRANKLAND, &c. enter with lighted torches. *S. H.*

Monk. Richard, my kins, is innocent. Where is he? [*William points to the long sands.*]

MARY rushes in R. H. pale and breathless, and her hair streaming wildly to the wind. During the whole of this scene the water rapidly gains on the rock of sand

Mary. Is he gone? is it too late?

Monk. I hope not. Fifty guineas for him that brings back Richard! William, you are used to rough weather—fifty guineas!

Will. I wouldn't be the man for five hundred—it's merely throwing away life.

Mary. Is there no one will venture out to save the life of a fellow-creature? Kind, good old man—you will not suffer him to perish before your eyes, almost within the reach of hearing? Kind, generous Richard! you would have died to save the life of any one of these; and yet, amongst them all, there is not a heart of courage enough to brave a gust of wind for you.

## THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

*Will.* A gust of wind, do you call it? I have for thirty years, man and boy, looked upon rough weather; but this storm of to-night goes beyond every thing.

*Mary.* All are cowards! Not one will move! Well, then, Richard, I promised you should not die alone. [*Mary leaps into the storm-boat*]

*Monk.* Are you mad, Mary?

*Mary.* Death was my promise, and I go to keep it!

*Will.* If a girl's not afraid, I don't see why I should be. [*William leaps into the boat. Music. Thunder. A flash of lightning blazes around the boat, which is seen at the top of a mountainous wave, and in the next moment is lost to the sight.*]

*Monk.* By heavens, they are lost!

*I Smug.* No! they have weathered it! And look, they have thrown out a rope to young Richard, who is making for the boat. [*At the very moment that Richard leaves the rock, the waves burst furiously over it. The boat returns, and Richard springs to the shore with Mary, half fainting, in his arms—the Characters group around them. Music. The curtain slowly descends.*]

## THE END

# The New British Theatre.

nder Tra-	263 Faith & Falsehood	312 Duenna	359 Memoirs of the
le	264 My Fellow Clerk	313 Devil's Daughters	Devil
as Man	265 Peregrinations of	314 Bandit of the	360 Cousin Lambkin
	Pickwick	Blind Mine	361 Miser's Daughter
'sthe Devil	266 Cupid	315 My Lord is not	362 My Valet and I
ay Day	267 No Followers	my Lord	363 Antony and Cleo-
f Death	268 The Assignment	316	patra (Farce)
ng Old	269 King John Tra-	317 A Close Siege	364 Pride of Birth
ress [Stairs	vestie	318 Miller of Mans-	365 Court Fool
Curse	270 A Quiet Day	319 [field	366 Captain Charlotte
er	271	320 Double Gallant	367 Yankee Notes
Domino	272 Parole of Honour	321 Clandestine Mar-	368 Angel of the Attio
's Fame	273 Joan of Arc	riage [Alive	369 Ondine
of Blue	274 Last Nail	322 Happiest Man	370 Asmodeus, the
XV.	VOL. XVIII.	VOL. XXI.	Little Devil
oman Easy	275 Isaure the Maniac	323 Serpent of Nile	VOL. XXIV.
ay to Pay	276 Black Domino—	324 Pink of Politeness	371 Aline
Debts	(Opera)	325 Mast. Humphrey's	372 Double-bedded
f Corbeil	277 Pascal Bruno	Clock	Room [Floor
f Wapping	278 King's Wager	326	373 My Wife's Second
Dream	279 Wanted a Brigand	327 Ruby Ring	374 Ambassador's
	280 I and my Double	328 Jane of the Hat-	Lady [fast
	281 'Tis She	329 Marceline [chet	375 Wedding Break-
	282 Bell Ringer of St.	330 Like Father, like	376 Linda
emptier	Paul's	Son	377 Siege of Rochelle
nd Charity	283 Orphan of Wreck	331 Guido Fawkes	378 Moral Philosopher
ing Polly	284 Conquering Game	332 Englishmen in	379 Railroad Trip
	285 My Sister Kate	India	380 My Wife's Come
Sins and	286 King's Gardener	333 Temple of Death	381 Bohemians of
ty Sinners	287 King of the Mist	334 Helen Oakleigh	Paris
do the'	288 Latin, Love, & War	335 Railroad Station	382 Meg Murnock
dioker	289 Near Admiral	336 Loss of the Royal	383 Lesson for Gen-
of Fate	290 Fairy Lake	George	tlemen
Doublet	VOL. XIX.	337 Robespierre	384 Old Curiosity Shop
the Cruel	291 John Bull	338 White Milliner	385 Christmas Carol
XVI.	292 Loves of Lord	VOL. XXII	386 King Richard ye
migrant's	Bateman	339 Sergeant's Wed-	Third
ghter	293 Idiot Boy of	ding [missed	VOL. XXV.
s Pets	Heilberg	340 Fairly hit & fairly	387 Roll of the Drum
ecusation	294 Wedding Gown	341 Innkeeper's	388 Young Scamp
s Strop	295 Mountaineers	Daughter	389 Mistaken Story
ackets	296 Death Plank	342 My Wife's Dentist	390 Whitefriars
	297 Iron Chest	343 Rubber of Life	391 Signal
e of Com-	298 Behind the Scenes	344 Teddy Roe	392 Barark Johnson
[fort	299 Little Back Par-	345 Barnaby Rudge	393 Post of Honour
arnley	lour	346 Il Paddy Whack	394 The Polka
Boys	300	in Italia	395 Soldier's Orphan
sadress	301 Lady of Lambythe	347 Lady & Gentleman	396 Georgy Barnwell
te Atten-	302 Love's Labour's	in a Perplexing	397 River God
	Lost	Predicament	398 Guardian Sylph
l Chief	303 Alive and Merry	348 Cousin Peter	399
ave I done	304 Lochinvar	349 Queen of Cyprus	400 Martin Chuzzlewit
sy	305 Military Execution	350 Windmill	401 Milliner's Holiday
others	306 Therese	351 Bathing	402 Judith of Geneva
lli	VOL. XX.	352 Nick of the Woods	VOL. XXVI.
XVII.	307 Good Night's Rest	353 Norma	403
Filler and	308 Poor Gentleman	354 Meet me by Moon-	404 Mysteries of Paris
Mizen	309	light	405 Don Cesar de Bazan
y's Wea-		VOL. XXIII.	406 Protector
Almanack	310 A Night in the	355 New Footman	407 Seated Sentence
f the Lock	Bastille	356 Lucky Stars	408 Young England
us the	311 Crichton, or the	357	409 Home Again
-un.	Dragon Knight	358 Norma Travestie	

# *The New British Theatre.*

10 Review [ding]	144 Last Kiss	478 The Secret	VOL. XX
11 Corporal's Wed-	145 Laid up in Port	479 Tom Smart	514 Clarence
12 House Dog	146 [House	480 Traveller's Room	515 Unprotect
13 La Dame de St	447 Blechington	481 Crock of Gold	male
Tropez [pol]	448 Sister and I	VOL. XXXI.	516 Turnpike
14 Margaret Ca ch	449 Loan of a Wife	482 Peggy Green	517 Nell Gw
15 Smoked Miser	VOL. XXIX.	483 Deserted Mill	(Jerrol
16 Madelaine	450 Above and Below	484	518 Three Cr
17 Widow Bewitched	451 Weaver of Lyons	485 Damon & Pythias	519 Three Pr
18 Midnight	452 Advice to Hus-	486 Marguerite's Co-	520 Adam B
VOL. XXVII.	bands	lours [Joke	521
19 Another Glass	453 Barber and Bravo	487 A Devilish Good	522 Not to be
20 Secret Foe	454 Mrs. Harris	488 Bedroom Window	523 White S
21 King and I	455 Fellow Servants	489 Old Honesty	524 102, or the
22 Mrs. Caudle's	456 Battle of Life	490 Jonathan [dies	and his
Curtain Lecture	457 Hand of Cards	491 Nice Young La-	525 Blood Re
(Lyceum)	458 Queen of Abruzzi	492 Going to the Derby	526 Sent to th
23 Powder and Ball	459 £500 Reward	493 Tutor's Assistant	527 Allow me
24 Mrs. Caudle, or	460 Baby Rattler	494 Poor Pillicoddy	logize
Curtain Lecture	461 Lilly Dawson	495 Founded on Facts	528 Temptati
(Princess's)	462 Little Nun [favour	496 Midnight Watch	529 Teacher
25 Love in Livery	463 Kissing goes by	497	VOL. XX
26 Faith, Hope, and	464 Perourou, the	VOL. XXXII.	530 Belphego
27 Lostella [Charity	Bellows Mender	498 Roman Actor	531 Hans Vo
28 Wolsey	465	499 Dance of the Shirt	532 Greek Sl
29 Lodgings for Sin-	VOL. XXX.	500 Marmion [Bud	533 Bould Sc
gle Gentlemen	466 The Discarded	501 Brigands in the	534 Azaël the
30	Daughter	502 Lost Diamonds	535 Robert th
31 Railway King	467 Bridge of Notre	503 Idiot of the Mill	536 Ragged
32 Popping in & Ou	Dame	504 The Trumpeter's	537 Last of th
33 Who's the Com-	468 Buffalo Girls	Wedding	538 Scarlet M
poser?	469 Obi, or 3-fingered	505 Sixteen String	539 Alice Ma
VOL XXVIII.	Jack	Jack	540 A Plain
34 Cut for Partners	470 Anchor of Hope	506 Separate Mainte-	541 Peter the
35 Minut. Gun at Sea	471 Rival Sergeants	nance	542
36 Mendicant's Son	472 Rag Pickers of Paris	507 Mother's Bequest	543 Wellingt
37 Cricket on Heart	473 Who do they take	508 Manager in Dis-	Waterlo
38 Phantom Break	me for?	tress	544 The Gold
39 Norah Creina [fast	474	509 Gipsey Farmer	545 Old Ad
40	475 Out on the Sly	510 Chamber Practice	546 Lamplig
41 Sea King's Vow	476 Industry and In-	511 It's only my Aunt	547 Bar-faced
42 Done Brown	dolence [band?	512 Royal Red Book	tors
43 On the Tiles	477 Who's my Hus-	513	

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